

The Spirit Of The Age.

Freedom of Inquiry, and the Power of the People.

BY C. G. EASTMAN.

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The Spirit Of The Age

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WE FEAR NOT.

"The friends of Van Buren are trembling in their shoes at the prospect before them"—so says a federal newspaper before us.—Harrisburgh, *Magician*.

OUR ANSWER.

Fear! no, by heaven, it is not for us!
We stand as firm as mountain rock,
Or oaks that crowd the wilderness,
We fear not even the earthquake shock.
Call back the word ye coward slaves,
For by our fathers' sacred graves,
And by the fields where they fought,
Like them we'd die while fearing nought.
Our cause is democratic truth,
Pure as the virgin stripes that wave
O'er freedom's everlasting youth;
And spotless as the soldier's grave.
Then let our only motto be,
Our Country, Cause, and Liberty!
Our nation, and our nation's laws?
The rights of freedom—freedom's cause!
From dark drop of coward gore
Be known to circle through our veins,
Let it come forth from every pore,
Or bid the traitor fast in chains!
For who would stoop to servile hands?
Or who would touch a coward's hands?
We ask no favors, freely bought—
We're free in spirit, free in thought.
We'll fear not while the eagle's flight
Is upward, to the throne of heaven;
Our cause is good, our cause is right,
And victory to the just is given.
Then, by the temple of our fame,
Yes, by our country and its name,
By earth, by sea, by star and sun,
We'll fight until the victory's won.

THE MOTHER OF NAPOLEON.

At half-past twelve I took my leave of Mr. Latour-Maubourg, our ambassador at Rome, to visit the Palace Rincinini. The ambassador laughingly said to me—

"I do not wish to know where you are going I am supposed to be ignorant of it."

"I am going to see a woman," I answered.—

"who will in no wise compromise me?"

"Look at her a little for me."

Some minutes afterward I was on the Palace of Venice, which was deserted and scorched by the sun.

The Palace of Venice, thus ill-used, loses the gloomy appearance of a prison, which the architect has given it. I then continued my way to the Palace of Rincinini, which on entering appeared to me the temple of silence and of sleep.

A multitude of little elves proceeded from the door, which was carefully shut behind me.—The vestibule was as the interior of a pyramid, notwithstanding the intolerable heat of the day. I was conducted through a number of apartments by a servant who respectfully opened the gilded door of a saloon, and announced me to Madame Letitia.

I seated myself at the invitation of a young lady who was the companion of the august invalid and waited to be addressed before I ventured to speak.

Our conversation began by exchanging the usual remarks on Italy, Rome and travelling. I was singularly struck with the firmness of Madame Letitia's voice. I beheld her so weak so emaciated, so ill, so worn with care, sickness, and old age, that every word she uttered I feared would be her last; and that the galvanic power of her voice was like a lamp which burns brighter just before it expires.

When I entered, the invalid was reclining on a small narrow couch, which he had not left since her fatal fall at the Villa Berghese, four years previous to that period! With the assistance of her companion she half raised herself, and remained in that position during my visit. Her eyes, opened and fixed appeared to wander about the saloon, as if in search of something. I did not then pity her for being blind, for what she would have seen could not have consoled her. Most all the pictures and the statues of Gros, of Isabey, of Girodet, of David, of Bosio, of Canova, which peopled this solitude, only brought to mind unheard of catastrophes, violent deaths, and triumphant victories, changed into thorns. I, who beheld this brilliant exhibition of the renowned arts of the hero, this domestic pantheon, in frames or on pedestals surrounding a blind, exiled dying mother, could scarcely restrain my tears, and was obliged to sum up all my resolution, for fear of betraying by the tremulous accents of my voice, the cause of my emotion, and thus render visible to the blind mother those pictures where her sons and grandsons smiled upon her in their imperial joys and during those prosperous days which are now forever gone.

Two incidents appear worthy of being recorded of my first interview with the mother of Napoleon.

"Were you in Paris?" she said to me, "when they replaced the statue of my son on the column of Vendôme?"

"Yes madame"

"What effect did it produce in Paris?"

"It was a day of great rejoicing for all the Parisian population. They appeared as if attending the resurrection of the Emperor."

"It must have been very grand! My secretary read to me from the newspapers the details of that great day; but all the descriptions were so short—had they been longer I should have still found them incomplete. A Mother! I was so much astonished that they did not give to the statue of my son the imperial costume."

"There were different opinions on this subject; some thought that the Emperor should be represented in his most popular dress, the one that Europe knew and loved; and this opinion prevailed."

Madame Letitia was silent for some minutes, as if reflecting; she then resumed the subject to ask me what I thought of the costume they had given the Emperor on the column.

"I acknowledge," said I, "that there are excellent reasons for thus representing the Emperor; it was necessary to perpetuate his heroic figure in all its simplicity of costume, that after-ages might see it as we have seen it rather than an ideal or conventional envelope. I will however, confess, madame, that this costume would be more in its place on another monument. Another pedestal should have been constructed for this modern statue; but if we have committed a fault of architecture, an honorable excuse may be found in the sentiments of the nation."

The venerable woman shook her head, with an air of approbation, and with a deep drawn sigh, she said—

"I never shall see that—never! Several engravings of the column were sent to me from Paris. Ah my poor eyes, how I regretted them! I saw the drawings by feeling them. If I had been in Paris, God would have given me strength to have ascended the column that I might be fully convinced. I fear that they wanted to deceive a poor mother, in exile and blind. Are you astonished at this! Age and misfortune render one imperious."

All this was said with difficulty, the words intermixed with sighs, with long pauses and convulsive efforts. I feared that each word would be the last to come from that mouth, which was so pallid that it appeared to belong to the tomb much more than to the land of the living. When she recruited her strength a little she said—

"It is very cruel to live as I live here, on a bed of suffering, and so far from my children. I have nothing to divert me and I am always thinking—When I could walk I went sometimes to mass at St. Marie du Portico, or to San Lorenzo in Lucina. I sometimes walked in the Villa Berghese; that is a French quarter, is it not?—The French made that beautiful promenade of Mount Pincio. You almost fancy you breathe the air of France on that charming hill. There is our church of the Trinity which I like better than St. Louis. I think St. Louis is badly located; it is an obscure part of the city; the Trinity is in a much finer situation. How happy they are, who at this moment are ascending the steps of the place of Spain, to go to the vesper at the Trinite-et-Mont the weather is so fine to day! I feel there is a great deal of sun in my room I think I behold it shine on my windows. The sun is my last friend."

I employed all the respectful eloquence in my power to entreat of her to banish from her mind these gloomy ideas, and to think only of the glory that surrounded her name. "You have been chosen among all women," said I, "to give to the world one of the greatest of mankind. This compensates for all the rest."

A smile contracted her withered but noble face.

"Yes," said she, "yes. It is the recollection of my son that consoles me a little; I continually see him before me. It is not the Emperor, the great man, that I see; it is my son, my Bonaparte, as a child, when he belonged to me, to his mother. Then no person knew him. Fine times! One night—one night—he was between eight and nine years of age, I think—he was walking in our garden like a man who is meditating some great thing; he was a child then, I tell you. It was raining violently; his brothers had sought shelter in the saloon, where they were playing. I knocked at the window several times, and made him signs to come to me. He shrugged his shoulders with an appearance of ill-humor, and continued his walk. He was drenched with the rain, but he did not mind the storm, and continued his walk, with his head uncovered, and his eyes fixed on the ground. Sometimes he stopped before the little fountain in the garden, and appeared to delight in seeing it run, and to arrest its precipitancy with his hand. Some claps of thunder were heard, which caused him a nervous shudder, but he was not fear. He then crossed his arms over his chest, and looked at the heavens, courageously waiting for another peal of thunder. I sent my servant to order him to come in. He said to him with coldness, but respectfully, 'Tell my mother that it is warm, and I am taking an airing.' When the servant again entered, he precipitately turned his back on him, and accelerated his step. It was only when the storm had ceased that he came in, wet to the skin."

"That was not right, my child," I said to him, "you have disobeyed me."

"I could not help disobeying," he answered; "I do not know what kept me in that garden; but, if I am to be a soldier, I must accustom myself to rain and to storms. I am not a girl, I am a man."

"You are a child, my son, and a disobedient child. If you intend to be a soldier, you will learn that it is necessary for you to obey."

"But I will command," said he, with an expression that much excited our risible faculties."

"Before you command," I replied, "you will be compelled to obey, and for a long time. When you enter the service you will not be made a general."

"He advanced toward me, took my hand in his,

and pressed it, thus tacitly acknowledging that I was right, but not willing to confess it. Already, at that age, he was so proud!

"What were you thinking about during your walk?" I said to him, whilst I pressed my lips to his wet hair.

"I do not know I do not remember. I was thinking of a great many things. Ah! I was endeavoring to recollect a dream I had last night—a dream that pleased me very much. I dreamed that I was a bishop; that is grand, is it not, a bishop? Do bishops go to the wars?"

"No, my child, that is expressly forbidden them."

"Then I will be a soldier when I am no longer a child. At fifteen you are no longer a child; are you mother?"

"I think you are something of a child still."

"He paused for a few moments, and looking on the ground, he said—

"At fifteen I will be a man."

"He then extricated himself from my arms, and ran into the garden."

The anguish mother, who related this to me, was then silent, but her lips still quivered after the recital. I understood that she delighted in those reminiscences, which had all the serenity of the youthful age; and that of all the epochs in her son's life, none were so cherished by her maternal heart as the childhood of this great man. I most gratefully thanked her for the intimate converse she had allowed on my first visit. I felt much affected; I pressed her hand to my lips, and left her mournfully; but still delighted at what I had seen, and what I had heard.

Nothing in the palace of Rincinini denoted the wealth of the mother of the Emperor was supposed to possess. It is a sumptuous building, but would be unnoticed in that city of magnificent palaces. Nothing has a more gloomy aspect than a building large enough to contain a colony, but which, owing to mediocrity of fortune, or the philosophy of the proprietor, is as desert as a ruin, as silent as a tomb. A few servants without livery, a lady companion, and an old veteran of the imperial guard, were the only inhabitants of the Rincinini. Only one suit of rooms was magnificently furnished. The windows which opened on the Corso were always closed. The inhabited apartments were to the south, and overlooked the Place de Venice. The saloon reserved for the mother of the Emperor was decorated with imperial luxury. There the august invalid found at all times the invigorating climate of her native island. A perpetual spring there even during the *cattiva stagione*. This strong, woman, that the grim monster seemed to have forgotten for its prey, breathed the purest air, which was the cause of her prolonged existence.

Now, the beautiful palace of Rincinini has lost that powerful animation which the last days of that woman gave it; it is a desert like many other Roman palaces; it has lost its masters; it is like one of those pyramids that are made so vast, the better to inclose their last tenant—chaos.

New York Mirror.

A SERIOUS APPEAL.

We do most earnestly bespeak the attentive perusal of the following brief article, from the *Globe*. It is the concluding part of an address, in which the devices, frauds, and misquoting schemes, of the Opposition, for the overthrow of the Government, are set forth in their true colors. But believing that arguments are not necessary to convince our enlightened community, at this late hour, of the existence of such unholy combinations among the motley group of whigs, composed of Bank men, and men professing to be opposed to the bank, old federalists and apostate republicans, slaveholders and rank abolitionists, strict constructionists and latitudinarians, we present this serious, sensible, earnest, and thrilling appeal to all good men of patriotic sentiments, and hope they will govern their votes accordingly. It will apply to any meridian—

"We appeal to them to say, whether all these facts and strange developments do not demonstrate that the party now calling themselves whigs, and having General Harrison for their standard bearer, according to Mr Webster, is not now in the full tide of consummating one of the deepest, and most deadly conspiracies ever devised against the liberties of a free people—a conspiracy whose means are fraud, corruption, and perjury, to cheat sixteen millions of people of the fair exercise of the right of suffrage, or plunge the country into a civil war to preserve it to themselves and their posterity? We leave it to them—to the free, unbiassed citizens of the United States—to decide the point for themselves, and act accordingly."

In conclusion, we would calmly address ourselves for a few moments to the authors and abettors of this nefarious scheme of swindling the people, by violating the ballot boxes. Should they eventually succeed in their crusade against the right of suffrage, and General Harrison be transplanted from the North Bend to the White House, what a spectacle he will present to the eyes of the world!—Long ere his term has expired, the means by which he has attained to the elevation which they will render a scorn and reproach, must and will become so palpable and notorious, that even whig effrontery will shrink from denying them. It is impossible that a scheme of fraud, so extensive in its operation, and requiring so many base instruments to carry it out, will long remain a subject of mere suspicion and conjecture. Murder will out, and truth though slow is sure. The wretched leaders of the log cabins cannot always be relied on, and some of them will ere long, as sure as fate, bring bitter draughts of retribution to the lips of those who have either corrupted, or pampered their corruptness.—THE FLOT WILL COME TO LIGHT, the wretched puppet of THADDEUS STEVENS, Senator PENROSE, Secretary BERRORS, MATTHEW L. DAVIS, and other worthies, will be stigmatized as a usurper, and perhaps driven from his seat by an indignant people.

Let us seriously, my, solemnly, warn the contrivers and abettors of this atrocious scheme of the probable consequences which will result from their conspiracy, not only against the ballot boxes, but the principles, habits, and morals of their fellow-citizens. Having thus collected a band of reckless and unprincipled desperadoes, without any of the restraints of law or conscience; having maintained them for months, and stimulated them not only to unprincipled debaucheries, but to the violation of every obligation of religion and morality; having

encouraged them in every species of idleness; pampered their vitiated appetites with a succession of maddening stimulants, and unfitted them for every honest purpose of life, what will they do with them when they have answered their ends? Will they continue them on full pay and rations till their services are again required, or will they cast them adrift to prey on society?

We put the question: What do they intend to do with them? And we call the attention of all honest citizens, all who possess property, all who value the sanctity of their firesides, all who desire to repose quietly at night, to the consequences which must inevitably result from disbanding thousands of demagogues and ruffians, whose idle habits have been fostered, and whose passions pampered, by months of log cabin debaucheries; who have been made familiar with perjury and frauds—and letting them loose upon the world? What are we to expect when they have answered their purpose, and are adrift, but midnight braves and violence; house breaking and thieving; murder and maiming; insecurity of property and jeopardy of life and limb.

We ask of the Quakers—the uniform friends and examples of morals, decorum and sobriety—if they can in conscience lend themselves to a party which depends on such men and such means for success? We ask of the *Temperance societies*, the friends of temperance, and of all temperate men whether they will suffer themselves to be swayed by party feelings, into uniting with those who have done in all their power to counteract their benevolent purposes, and add tens of thousands to the list of drunkards? Finally, we ask of all conscientious, and patriotic citizens, whether such a party, depending on such practices and such instruments, should ever be permitted to triumph over the efforts of a virtuous people?

THE GOVERNMENT FOR SALE?

The astounding developments made in New York of the system of frauds which have been carried on in that city and Philadelphia, by whig office holders and whig committees, add confirmation "strong as proof of holy writ," of the charge we have heretofore made, that a diabolical scheme had been hatched at the Harrisburgh convention, to carry the Presidential election by the use of MONEY.

The whole operations of the combined factions who were represented in that convention have been carried on by money.

1. The erection of log cabins all over the country, as places of rendezvous, has required a large expenditure. These, like the barracks of an army, were to afford quarters for the vicious and depraved, who were to be debauched with liquor, and stimulated with lying and inflammatory arrangements, and with vulgar and ribald songs, and corrupted with money when that should be found necessary. By these means they have been prepared to be taken into the whig service as bands of hired mercenaries, ready, as Looney says, to "lay water pipes in all sorts of ways."

2. That is, ready to practise any fraud and iniquity which may serve the interests of their employers; to go from State to State to vote, to purchase the votes of others as they please, each, or less, if they can be bought.

3. With this corruption fund, hundreds of agents have been employed and paid large sums to traverse the country, to distribute pamphlets and speeches, filled with the most scandalous falsehoods, and to put in circulation all sorts of lying statements, to agitate and alarm the public mind, and produce a high state of excitement. The pay of these agents has been in proportion to the success of their exertions, and the number of votes they could obtain. To accomplish these objects, they are furnished with money; and the most unscrupulous and profligate are the most successful, and of course receive the greatest reward.

4. It is by the corruption fund, that they have maintained an *Executive committee* at Washington, who have directed the operations of the campaign, and by a scandalous abuse of their franking privilege, sent cart loads of speeches and tracts over the country; and for this purpose the public stationery has been plundered, probably to the amount of ten thousand dollars.

5. It is the corruption fund that has enabled them to carry on their business of publishing their tracts and speeches, to an extent surpassing every thing which has been witnessed in this country.

6. It is by the agency of money that they are enabled to charter steamboats, and pay the expenses of transporting the vagabonds and perjured hirelings from State to State to give fraudulent and illegal votes.

7. It is by the means of money that they are enabled to pay these "water pipes," or purchased villains, the wages of their crimes, whether thirty dollars per head, the Philadelphia market price, or a less sum.

8. It is by a profuse expenditure of money that they have got together the multitudes at their conventions, as the expenses of the greater portion have been paid from the whig fund.

9. It is by the agency of money that all the operations of the pious fiction have been carried on since the Harrisburgh convention.

10. It is the money to be shared as the spoils of office which stimulates the profligate and noisy partisans and expectants, who have taken the field as leaders and stump orators of the party.

11. It is the expectation of making money which has enlisted with such intemperate zeal the speculators, stock-jobbers, broken merchants, and men of ruined and desperate fortunes, who are in hopes, by hook or by crook, in some way to retrieve their circumstances by blowing up the bubble of the credit system again.

12. It is the hope of making more money that induces the gambling merchants and capitalists to "bleed so freely," as Looney said, to supply this corruption fund. They consider it a profitable investment, and expect to get their money back again, with such additions as will satisfy their profligate trafficking cupidity.

13. It is a desire and expectation of making more money, that stimulates the monopolists and corporate manufacturers to a furious zeal in the cause of whigery, and leads them to threaten and oppress the workmen in their employ, to force them to vote against their consciences.

14. It is to gain money, by getting a "national guarantee" for their stocks and bonds, and adding to their market value some forty or fifty millions of

dollars, that foreign capitalists have interfered in this election, and no doubt advanced funds to overthrow our free institutions by corruption.

It is the corruption fund that has sustained and kept up that disgraceful practice of attempting to influence public opinion by bragging and betting on the results of elections.

It is thus seen that MONEY is truly 'the root of all evil' in politics. But it is the life and soul of modern British whigery. Take that away, and the whole complicated machinery of British whig electioneering would at once stop. The log cabins would not have been erected—the carousals and drunken revels would cease—the Tipperance songs would lose their music—the whig agents and cohorts would lose their employment and their wages—the infamous traffic in votes would cease, if there was no money raised to pay for them, and reward the guilty agents who purchase them; and the new whig import trade in "water pipes" would be discontinued.

Were the British whigs to succeed by means such as these, it would be the triumph of the corrupt influence of MONEY over the intelligence and virtue of the people. That is the real issue now before the country. It is a frightful and appalling issue. The credit system party have advertised the government for sale, and are now attempting to purchase it, with domestic rags and foreign gold—with Looney "water pipes" and Badger "jerry," purchased at thirty dollars per foot, and consigned to James B. Glenworth and R. C. Wetmore, whig factors and brokers in New York, and James Young, Robert Miller, and George Riston, men brokers in Philadelphia.

And has our country come to this? Is the Presidency to be bought with money? In the corrupt age of fallen Rome, the imperial purple was often put up at auction, and struck off to the highest bidder, and he who could command the most money, became Emperor. Are we not approaching this state of degradation, and suffering the Chief Magistracy of the Republic to be controlled and virtually bought up with money?

It is horrible to contemplate the state of things now existing in our country. The traffic in votes, the scenes of fraud, corruption, and perjury, which have just been developed in New York, are OPENLY DEFENDED AND JUSTIFIED by the leaders of the British whig party. The violators of the laws, the perpetrators of a crime tending to subvert our institutions, and involving with it also the additional crime of perjury, are openly justified and even nominated for high and responsible offices.

What a bold and audacious defiance of the MORAL SENSE of the community! Who can witness these things without the most fearful foreboding of evil to our beloved country? Can *public morality* be maintained in open disregard and even defiance of public morals? Let history answer. It is inconsistent not only with the laws of society, but the laws of God.

Unless the moral sense of the nation, which momentarily seems to be torpid, can be reanimated, and its energy restored, so as to arrest the career of fraud and corruption, which are now polluting the very fountains of liberty, our free constitutions will be overthrown, and our country ruined. At so alarming a crisis, threatening not only the liberties, but the morals of the country, will the sentiments of freedom sleep? Let them arouse themselves before it is too late. Let every true American, every honest friend of our popular institutions, solemnly swear upon the altar of his country that these enormities shall be arrested, and that the Republic shall be saved.—*Globe*.

From the *N. H. Gazette*.

GEN. HARRISON'S OPINION OF THE FEDERAL PARTY.

"The original Federal party of this country was actuated by no improper motive."

HIS OPINION OF THE WAR FEDERALISTS.

"The Federal party took ground against the War, and, as a party, there NEVER EXISTED A PURER BAND OF PATRIOTS; for when the note of strife was sounded, they rallied under the banner of their country."—Harrison's late Speech at Dayton, Ohio.

There is not an old Federalist now in the Union, and there never was one, who could make a stronger declaration in favor of the federal party, than the above.

It is an attempt at a justification of their conduct, from the earliest stage of parties, through the stock-jobbing speculation of Hamilton's "funding system."

Their broad perversion of the Constitution, claiming the right to do any thing, under the "general welfare" clause, that Congress might judge expedient—

The consequent passage of the alien and sedition laws, making it punishable with fines and imprisonment to "censure the President, the Heads of Departments, or either House of Congress;—

Their general and systematic opposition to their own country, and their defence of the British government in all its restrictions upon our commerce, and the imprisonment of our seamen;—

Their declaration that "Britain has done us no essential injury;"—

Their opposition to every pacific mode of retaliation, such as the embargo and non-intercourse;—

Their denunciation of all these measures, as "war in disguise;"—

Their approval of the conduct of the British government, in disavowing the pacific and satisfactory arrangement of all these difficulties between our government and the British minister at Washington, (Mr. Erskine), notwithstanding they had praised and lauded that arrangement as an act of unanimity in the British government, and taunted our government with the assertion, that Britain had ever been ready to do us justice,—that the same terms might always have been obtained; but that our government were not disposed to any amicable adjustment;—

Their denunciation of even the Erskine arrangement itself, after it came to be disavowed by the British, abusing our government for making it, and even accused it of closing the arrangement with a knowledge that Mr. Erskine was not authorized by his Government to agree to it.

Add to this, the manifest connection of their leaders with the plot disclosed by John Henry, in his correspondence with the Governor of Canada, to dismember the union of these States.

Yet, Gen. Harrison says, this party,—"the original Federal party of this country, was actuated by no improper motive!" (1)

Would any man who was not a member of "the original Federal party" himself, say this? Not one. There may be individual exceptions, but speaking of them "as a party," what Democratic Republican, or the Jeffersonian stamp, will say that, "the federal party were actuated by no improper motives?"—Who will say, that this does not evince a fraternal attachment to that party, and that it is not intended to palliate and defend their whole line of conduct?

But this is not a mere casual remark,—no slip of the tongue,—it is repeated emphatically in the same speech. He says, speaking of the late War, "the Federal party took ground against that war, and, as a party, there never existed a purer band of PATRIOTS; for when the note of strife was sounded, they rallied under the banner of their country." In what way did they rally under the banner of their country?

Was it in voting against laws to furnish the means of carrying on the war?

Was it in voting against appropriations for defraying the expenses of our gallant Navy?

Was it in voting against making provision to fill the ranks of the Army?

Against enforcing the non-importation laws?

Against the bill to raise five regiments of riflemen?

Against the bill to call forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, and repel invasion?

And, in the darkest period of the war, against providing additional revenue for defraying the expenses of Government and maintaining the public credit?

Against a bill to authorize the President to call upon the several States for their respective quotas of militia to defend the frontiers against INVASION?

Was it in doing all these things repeatedly, and voting against an appropriation for rebuilding the Capitol and public offices, which had been destroyed by the enemy, and declaring that they "knew the bounds of Constitutional opposition, and up to those bounds they would fearlessly stand?"—Was this "rallying under the banner of their country?"

Yet, all these things did Mr. Webster, the heir apparent to the Presidency, in the event of the election of Gen. Harrison,—and so did his associates—the Federal Party.

Was "it rallying under the banner of their country," to make a motion in Congress to impeach and depose Mr. Madison?

Was it, when the Federal party, in the Legislature of Massachusetts, en masse, recommended and voted for the Hartford Convention?

When that Convention met, from the five New England States, with the manifest intention, openly avowed by their leading papers and leading men, to make a separate peace with Britain, unless their demands were complied with by the Government?

Did this look like a "rally under their country's banner?" Or was it a rally under the free striped flag?—and intended, as has been recently alleged by the United Service Journal, (a British semi-official journal),—

"To separate the Northern and Eastern from the Southern and Western States,—establish a LIMITED MONARCHY in the first named States,—placing one of the PRINCES of the BLOOD on the THRONE, and strengthening the new Trans-Atlantic KINGDOM, by an alliance, offensive and defensive, with ENGLAND."

JOHN W. TAYLOR'S OPINION OF GEN. HARRISON. (AS ADDRESSED TO GOV. TOMPKINS IN 1840.)—"General Harrison was absent (from Washington) but if he was on the spot, it would be of questionable policy to give it (the command of the Northern Army) to him. General Desha, of Kentucky, who is now in Congress, says that GEN. HARRISON IS NOT A PIN BETTER THAN HULL."

The fact that Governor Shelby determined to persist in opposing General Harrison would have gathered no laurels; that Harrison pertinaciously adhered to his intention of stepping short at Malden, and was diverted from his purpose only by Governor Shelby's firmness and determination to pursue Prechter with such volunteers as might choose to accompany him, and leave Harrison at Malden. The latter finding himself likely to be left ALONE, thought it the safer course to accompany the army. It is further alleged that HARRISON TOTALLY REGARDS ALL ECONOMIC CONSIDERATIONS, AND THAT THE EXPENSES OF HIS LAST CAMPAIGN HAVE COST A SUM EXTRACTED FROM UNPROVIDED wagons, horses, men, provisions, &c. &c. are daily coming in to a ENORMOUS AMOUNT."

From the *New York Herald*.

THE INVESTIGATION—MORE AWFUL DISCLOSURES—THE PITY OF POLITICIANS.

The evidence, developing the pure morals of politicians, gets richer every day—every hour.—The testimony of the last two days, and particularly that published in our columns to day is of the most remarkable character. It begins to look black—black with guilt. Heretofore, some hesitated to believe the story of Stevenson, although it was uncontradicted by Glenworth, but every day fresh and unimpeachable witness "give confirmation strong" that what the two tobacco inspectors told, what Capt Shultz and Young swore to, was founded on fact.

It is now in proof from disinterested witnesses